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Thersytes

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Thersytes

[*c.* 1550]

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

A.269079

Thersytes

[*c.* 1550]

This play, as also "Jack Juggler," has been reproduced from a facsimile (B.M. Press-mark 11770, *i* 7), *the only original copy known being in private hands, the present custodian of which refuses permission for reproduction.*

In these circumstances I thought it in every respect desirable to adopt the next best alternative, especially as copies of the first facsimile reprint are as scarce, after thirty-six years, as the early printed copy.

There are grounds for supposing that John Heywood was the author.

The reproduction is faithful and is in every respect up to the usual standard of these facsimiles.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A new Enterlude called Therlytes

¶ Thys Enterlude Folowynge
Dothe Declare howe that the
greateſt boeſters are not
the greateſt
doers.

¶ The names of the players

Therſites	A boſter.
Vulciber	A ſmyth.
Mater	A mother.
Miles	A knyght.
Telemachus	A childe.

Therſites commeth in fyrſte hauinge a clubbe
vppon his necke

Haue in a ruffler footh of the greke lande
Called Therſites, if ye wyll me knowe
aback, geue me roume, in my way do ye not ſtand
For if ye do, I wyll ſoone laye you lowe
In Homere of my actes ye haue red I trow
Neyther Agamẽnon nor Ulyſſes, I ſpared to checke
They coulde not bringe me to be at theyr becke
Of late frome the ſege of Troye I retourned
Where all my harnes excepte this clubbe I loſt
In an olde houſe there it was quyte burned
Whyle I was preparinge vytayles for the hoſte
I muſt nedes get me newe, what ſo euer it coſt
I Wyll go ſeke aduentures, for I can not be ydle
I wyll hamper ſome of the knaues in a bydle
It greueth me to heare howe the knaues do bragge
But by ſupreme Jupiter, when I am harnelled well
I ſhall make the daſters to renne in to a bagge
To hyde them fro me, as from the deuyll of hell
I doubte not but hereafter, of me ye ſhall heare tell
Howe I haue made the knaues for to play cowch quaile
But nowe to the ſhop of Mulciber, to go I wyll not faile

Mulciber muſt haue a ſhop made in the place and
Therſites cõmethe before it ſayinge aloude

Mulciber, whom the Poetes doth call the god of fyer
Smith vnto Jupiter kinge ouer all
Come footh, of thy office I the deſyre
and graunte me my petiction, I aſke a thinge but ſmall
I wyl none of thy lightning that thou art wont to make
For the goddes ſupernall for yre when they do ſhake
With whiche they thruſte the gyauntes downe to hell

That

That were at a conuention heauen to bye and ſell
But I woulde haue ſome helpe of Lemnos and Ilua
That of theyr ſtele, by thy crafte, condatur nuht gales.
Vulciber.
What felowe Therſites, do ye ſpeake latyn nowe?
Nay, then farewell, I make god a vowe
I do not you vnderſtande, no latyn is in my palet
And then he muſt do as he wolde go awaye.
Therſites.
I lay abyde good Vulciber, I prayé make me a ſallet
Vulciber.
Why Therſites haſt thou anye wytte in thy head?
Woldeſt thou haue a ſallet nowe, all the herbes are dead
Beſyde that it is not mete for a ſmyth
To gether herbes, and ſallettes to medle with
Go get the to my lauer venus
She hath ſallettes ynough for all vs
I eate none ſuche ſallettes for now I ware olde
and for my ſtomacke they are verye coulde
Therſites.
Nowe I praye to Jupiter that thou dye a cuckolde
I meane a ſallet with whiche men do fyght
Vulciber.
It is a ſmall talkinge of a mannes mighte
That he ſhoulde for any matter
Fyght with a fewe herbes in a platter
No greate laude ſhoulde folowe that victorye
Therſites.
Goddes paſſion Vulciber where is thy wit & memory
I wolde haue a ſallet made of ſtele
Vulciber.
Why ye lyr, in youre ſtomacke longe you ſhall it fele

For stele is harde for to digest

Thersites.

¶ Wans bones and sydes hee is worse then a beest
I wolde haue a sallet to were on my hed
Whiche vnder my chyn wt a thonge red
Buckeled shall be
Doest thou yet parceyue me

Mulciber.

¶ your mynde now I se
Why thou peuysshe ladde
Arte thou almost madde
Or well in thy wytte
Gette the a wallette
Wolde thou haue a sallette
What woldest thou do with it

Thersites.

¶ I pray the good Mulciber make no mo bones
But let me haue a sallet made at ones.

Mulciber.

¶ I must do somewhat for this knaue
What maner of sallet syr woulde ye haue.

Thersites.

¶ I wold haue such a one that nother might nor mayne
Shoulde perse it thorowe, or parte it in twayne
Whiche nother gonstone, nor sharpe speare
Shoulde be able other to hurte or teare
I woulde haue it also for to saue my heade
yf Jupiter him selfe woulde haue me dead
And if he in a fume, woulde cast at me his fire
This sallet I woulde haue to kepe me from his yre.

Mulciber.

¶ I perceaue youre mynde.

ye ſhall fynde me kynde
I wyll for you prepare
And then he goeth in to his ſhop, and maketh a
ſallet for hym at the laſte he ſayth.
Here Therſites do this ſallet weare
And on thy head it beare
And none ſhall worke the care
Then Mulciber goeth into his ſhop, vntyll he
is called agayne.
Therſites.
Now would I not feare with anye bull to fyghte
Or with a raumpinge lyon nother by daye nor nyghte
O what greate ſtrength is in my body ſo luſty
Whiche for lacke of exercile, is nowe almoſt ruſtye
Hercules in compariſon to me was but a boye
When the bandogge Cerberus from hell he bare awaye
When he kylled the lyons, hydra, and the bere ſo wylde
Compare him to me and he was but a chylde
Why Samplon I ſaye, haſt thou no more wytte
wolde ſt ye be as ſtrōg as I. come luck thy mothers tytte
Wene you that Dauid that lyttle elyſhe boye
Should with his ſlinge haue take my life awaye
Nay ywys Golyath, for all his fyue ſtones
I would haue quaſhed his little boyſhe bones
O howe it would do my harte muche good
To ſe ſome of the giauntes before Noes flood
I would make the knaues to crye creke
Or elles with my clubbe their brayne I wyll breake
But Mulciber, yet I haue not with the do
My heade is armed, my necke I would haue to
And alſo my ſhoulders with ſome good habergyn
That the deuyll if he ſhote at me could not enter in

For I am determined greate battayle to make
Excepte my fumiſhenes, by ſome meanes may aſſake.

Vulciber.

Bokell on this habergyn as faſt as thou canne
And feare for the metinge of nother beaſt nor manne
yf it were poſſible for one too ſhote an oke
This habergyn wyll defende thee frome the ſtroke
Let them throwe myſtones at the as thick as haile
yet the to kyll they ſhall their purpoſe faile
yf Maluerne hylles ſhoulde on thy ſhoulders light
They ſhall not hurte the, nor ſuppreſſe thy mighte
yf Beuis of Hampton, Colburne and Guy
Will the aſſaye, let not by them a flye
To be briefe, this habergyn ſhall the ſaue
Bothe by lande and water, nowe playe the luſtye knaue
Then he goeth in to his ſhoppe againe

Therſites.

When I conſider my ſhoulders that ſo brode be
When the other partes of my bodye I do beholde
I verely thynke that none in chryſtente
With me to medele dare be ſo bolde
Now haue at the lyons on cotſolde
I wyll neyther ſpare for heate nor for colde
Where art thou king Arthur, & the knightes of the rounde
Come, bringe forth your horſes out of the ſtable (table
Lo with me to mete they be not able
By the maſſe they had rather were a bable
Where arte thou Gawyn the curteſſe and Cay the crabed
Here be a couple of knightes cowardiſhe and ſcabbed
Appere in thy likeneſſe for Libeus diſconius
yf thou wilt haue my clubbe lyghte onthy hedibus
Lo ye maye ſee he beareth not the face

With

With me to frye a blowe in thys place
Howe fyrray, approche fyr Launcelot de lake
What? renne ye awaie and for feare quake
Nowe he that did the a knight make
Thought neuer that thou any battaile shouldest take
yf ỹ wilt not come thy self, some other of thy felowes send
To battaile I prouoke them, them selfe let them defende
lo, for all the good that euer they se
They wyll not ones set hande to fight with me
O good lorde howe brode is my brest
And stronge with all for hole is my chest
Yf that should medle with me shall haue shrewde rest
Beholde you my handes, my legges and my feete
Euery parte is stronge proportionable and mete
Thinke you that I am not feared in felde and strete
Yes yes god wote, they geue me the wall
Or elles with my clubbe, I make them to fall
Backe knaues I saye to them, then for feare they quake
And take me then to the tauerne and good chere me make
The proctoure and his men I made to renne their waies
And some wente to hide them in broken beys
I tell you at a woorde
I set not a torde
By none of them al
Early and late I wyll walke
And London stretes stalke
Spyte of them greate and small
For I thinke verely
That none in heauen so hye
Nor yet in hell so lowe
Whyle I haue this clubbe in my hande
Can be able me to withstande

Or me to ouerthrowe
But Vulciber, yet I muſt the delyre
To make me brigge yrons for myne armes
And then I will loue the as mine owne eyre
For without them, I can not be ſafe frome all harmes
Thoſe once had, I will not ſette a ſtrawe
by all the worlde, for then I wyll by awe
Haue all my mynde, or elles by the holye roode
I wyl make them thinke, the deuyll caryeth them to the (wood
yf no man wyll with me battayle take
I vyage to hell quickely I wyll make
And there I wyll bete the deuyll and his dame
And bringe the ſoules awaye, I fullye entende the ſame
After that in hell I haue ruffled ſo
Streyghte to olde purgatorye wyll I go
I wyll cleane that ſo purge rounde aboute
That we ſhall nede no pardons to helpe them oute
yf I haue not fyghte ynoughe this wayes
I wyll clymbe to heauen and fet awaye Peters kayes
I wyll kepe them my ſelfe, and let in a great route
What ſhoulde ſuche a fycher kepe good felowes out

Vulciber.

Haue here Therſites brigge yrons bright
and feare thou no man manly to fyghte
Thoughe he be ſtronger then Hercules or Sampſon
Be thou preſt and bolde to ſet him vpon
Nother Amazon nor perres with their hole rable
the to aſſayle ſhall fynde it profytable
I warrante the they wyll fle fro thy face
as doth an Hare from the dogges in a chaſe
Would not thy blacke and ruſtye grym berde
Nowe thou art ſo armed, make anye man aferde

Sure

Surely if Jupiter dyd lee the in this gere
He woulde renne awaye and hyde hym for feare
He wold thinke that Typhoeus the gyaunt were aliue
And his brother Enceladus, agayn with him to ſtriue
If that Mars of battell the god ſtoute and bold
In this aray ſhoulde chaunce the to beholde
He would yelde vp his ſwoꝛde vnto the
And god of battayle (he would ſay) thou ſhouldeſt be
Now fare thou wel go the woꝛld thꝛough
And leke aduenturus thou arte man good ynough.

Therſites.

O Mulciber, whyle the ſtarres ſhal ſhyne in the ſky
And Phaetons hoꝛſes with the ſonnes charret ſhall fly
Whyle the moꝛnynge ſhall go befoꝛe none
And cauſe the darkenneſſe to vanyſhe away ſoone
Whyle that the cat ſhall loue well mylke
And whyle that women ſhall loue to go in ſylke
Whyle beggers haue lyce
And cockneys are nyce
Whyle pardoners can lye
Marchauntes can by
And chyldꝛen crye
Whyle all theſe laſte and moꝛe
Whiche I kepe in ſtoꝛe
I do me kaythfully bynde
Thy kyndnes to beare in mynde
but yet Mulciber one thinge I aſke moꝛe
Haſte thou euer a ſwoꝛde now in ſtoꝛe?
I would haue ſuche a one that would cut ſtones
And pare a great oke down at once
That were a ſwoꝛde lo, euen foꝛ the nones.

Mulciber.

¶ Truely I haue ſuche a one in my ſhoppe
that will pare yron as it were a rope
haue, here it is, gyrde it to thy ſyde
Now fare thou well, Iupiter be thy guyde
Therſites.
¶ Gramercye Mulciber wyth my hole harte
Geue me thy hande and let vs departe
Mulciber goeth in to hys ſhoppe againe,
and Therſites ſaith forth
Nowe I go hence, and put my ſelfe in preaſe
I wyll ſeeke aduentures, yea and that I wyll not ceaſe
If there be any preſent here thys nyghte
that wyll take vpon them with me to fighte
Let them come quickly, and the battayle ſhall be pyghte
Where is Cacus that knaue? not worthe a grote
that was wont to blowe cloudes oute of his throte
Which ſtale Hercules kine and hyd them in his caue
Come hether Cacus, thou lubber and falſe knaue
I wyll teache all wretches by the to beware
If thou come hether I trappe the in a ſnare
thou ſhalt haue knocked breade and pyll fare
how ſay you good godfather that loke ſo ſtale
ye ſeeme a man to be borne in the vale
Dare ye aduenture wyth me a ſtripe or two
Go coward go hide the as thou waſt wonte to do
What a ſorte of daſterdes haue we here
None of you to battaile with me dare appeare
What ſaie you hart of gold, of countenaunce ſo demure?
Will you fighte with me? no, I am righte ſure
Fye bluſſhe not woman, I wyll do you no harme
Excepte I had you ſoner to kepe my backe warme
Alas lyttle pums why are ye ſo ſore afrayd?

I pray you shew how longe it is sence ye were a mayd
Tell me in myne eare, syrs, she hathe me tolde
That gone was her mydenhead, at thyrstene yeare olde
Byr ladye she was lothe to kepe it to longe
And I were a mayde agayne, nowe maye be here longe
Do after my counsel of maydens the hoole beuye
Quickly red your maydēhed, for they are vēgeaūce heuy
Well, let all go, whye wyll none come in
With me to fyghte that I maye pare his shyn

The mater commeth in.

Mater

What saye you my sonne wyl ye fyght god it defende
For what cause to warre do you nowe pretende
Wyll ye committe to battayles daungerous
youre lyfe that is to me so precious.

Therlites.

I wyll go, I wyll go. stoppe not my waye
Holde me not good mother I hartely you pray
If there be any lyons, or other wylde beest
That wyll not suffer the husband man in rest
I wyll go seeche them, and byd them to a feest
They shall abye bytterlye the commynge of suche a geest
I wyll searche for them bothe in bushe and shrubbe
And laye on a lode with this lustye clubbe

Mater.

O my swete sonne, I am thy mother
Wylt thou kyll me and thou hast none other

Therlites.

Na mother no, I am not of suche iniquitye
That I wyll defyle my handes vpon the.
But be contente mother, for I wyll not rest
Tyll I haue foughte with some man or wylde beast

Truely my ſonne yf that ye take thys way
Thys ſhall be the concluſion, marke what I ſhall ſay
Other I wyll drowne my ſelfe for ſorowe
And fede fyſhes with my body before to morowe
Or wyth a ſharpe ſwerde, ſurely I wyll me kyll
Nowe thou mayſt ſaue me, if it be thy wyll
I wyll alſo cut my pappes awaye
That gaue the ſucke ſo manye a daye
And ſo in all the worlde it ſhall be knowen
That by my owne ſonne I was ouerthrowen
Therefore if my lyfe be to the pleaſaunte
That whyche I deſyre good ſonne do me graunte

Therſites

Mother thou ſpendeſt thy winde but in waſt
The goddes of battayle hyr fury on me hath caſt
I am fullye fyxed battayle for to taſte
O how many to deth I ſhall dryue in haſte
I wyll ruffle this clubbe aboute my hedde
Or els I pray god I neuer dye in my bedde
There ſhall neuer a ſtroke be ſtroken with my hande
But they ſhall thynke ẏ Jupiter doth thonder in ẏ land

Mater.

My owne ſwete ſonne I knelynge on my knee
And bothe my handes holdinge vp to the
Deſyre the to ceaſſe and no battayle make
Call to the pacience and better wayes take

Therſites.

Tullie mother, I am deafe I wyll the not heare
No no, yf Jupiter here him ſelfe nowe were
And all the goddes, and Juno his wife
And louinge Minerua that abhorreth all ſtryfe
yf all theſe I ſaye, would deſyre me to be content

They

They dyd theyr wynde but in vaine ſpente
I wyll haue battayle in wayles or in kente
and ſome of the kuaues I wyll all to rent
where is the valiaunt knighte ſyr Iſenbrale.
Appere ſyr I praye you, dare ye not ſhewe your face
where is Robin Iohn and little hode
approche hyther quickely if ye thinke it good
I wyll teache ſuche outlawes wyth Chriſtes curſes
How they take hereafter awaye abbottes purſes
whye wyll no aduenture appeare in thys place
where is Hercules with his greate male
where is Bulyris, that ted hys horſes
Full lyke a tyraunte, with dead mens corſes
Come any of you bothe
And I make an othe
That yer I eate anye breade
I wyll dryue a wayne
ye for neede twayne
Betwene your bodye and your heade
Thus paſſeth my braynes
wyll none take the paynes
To trye wyth me a blowe.
O what a fellowe am I
whome euerye man dothe flye
That dothe me but once knowe

Water.

Sonne all do you feare
That be preſente here
They wyll not wyth you fyghte
you, as you be worthye
Haue nowe the victorye
wythoute taſtynge of youre myghte
Here is none I trowe

 That

that prokereth you a blowe
Man woman nor chylde
Do not set your mynde
To fyghte with the wynde
be not so madde nor wylde

Therſites.

I saye aryse who so euer wyll fighte
I am to battayle here readye dyghte
Come hyther other swayne or knyghte
Let me see who dare presente him to my syghte
Here with my clubbe readye I stande
yf anye wyll come to take them in hand

Mater.

There is no hope left in my brest
To bring my sonne vnto better rest
He wyll do nothinge at my requeſt
He regardeth me no more thē a beſt
I see no remedye, but styll I wyll praye
To god, my sonne to gyde in his waye
That he maye haue a prasperous iournynge
And to bee saue at his returnynge
Sonne, god aboue graunte thys my oration
That when in battaile thou shalt haue concertacion
with your ennemies, other fare or nere
No wounde in them nor in you may appere
So that ye nother kyll nor be kylled

Therſites

Mother thy peticion I praye god be fulfylled
For then no knaues bloude shall be spilled
Felowes kepe my counsell, by the masse I doo but crake
I wyll be gentyll enoughe and no buſeneſſe make
But yet I wyll make her beleue that I am a man

thyncke

thincke you that I wyll fight, no no but wyth the can
Excepte I finde my enemye on thys wyse
that he be a slepe or els can not aryse
Yf his armes and his fete be not fast bounde
I wyll not proser a stripe for a thousande pound
Fare well mother and tarrye here no longer
For after proues of chiualry I do both thyrste & honger
I wyll beare the knaues as flatte as a conger

Then the mother goeth in the place which is pre-
pareth for her.

What how long shal I tary, be your hartes in your hose
will there none of you in batrayl me appose
Come proue me whye stande you so in doubte
haue you any wylde bloude, that ye would haue let oute
I lacke that a mans strengthe can not be knwen
Because that he lacketh ennemies to be ouerthowen

Here a snaile muste appere vnto him, and hee muste
loke fearefully vppon the snaile saienge

But what a monster do I see nowe
Commynge hetherwarde with an armed browe
what is it, ah it is a lowe
No by gods body it is but a gresle
And on the backe it hath neuer a bussle
It is not a cow, ah there I sayle
For then it should haue a long tayle.
What the deuyll I was blynde, it is but a snayle
I was neuer so afrayde in east nor in south
My harte at the fyrste syght was at my mouth
Mary fyr fy, fy, fy, I do sweate for feare
I thoughte I had craked but to tymely here
Hens thou beest and plucke in thy hornes
Or I swear e by him that crowned was with thornes

I will make the drincke worse than good ale in ȳ cornes
Haste thou nothynge elles to doo
But come wyth hornes and face me so
Howe, how my seruauntes, get you shelde and spere
And let vs werye and kyll thys monster here
here Miles cometh in.
Miles.
¶ Is not thys a worthye knyghte
that wyth a snayle dareth not fight
Creepte he haue hys seruauntes ayde
Is this the chaumpyon that maketh al mẽ afraid
I am a pore souldiour come of late frõ Calice
I trust or I go to debate some of hys malyce
I wyll tarrye my tyme tell I do see
Betwixt hym and the snayle what the ende wyll be
Therſites.
¶ Whye ye horeson knauys, regard ye not my callinge
whye do ye not come and wyth you weapons bryng
why shall this monster so escape kyllinge
No that he shal not and god be wyllinge
Miles.
¶ I promyse you, thys is as worthye a knyghte
as euer shall brede oute of a bottell byte
I thinke he be Dares of whom Virgyll doth write
That woulde not let entellus alone
But euer prouoked and euer called on
But yet at the last he tooke a fall
And so within a whyle, I trowe I make the shall
Therſites.
¶ By Gods passion knaues, if I come I wyll you fetter
Regarde ye my callinge and cryinge no better
why horesons I saye. wyll ye not come

By

By the maſſe the knaues be all from home
They had better haue ſette me an errande at Rome
Miles.
By my trothe, I thynke that very ſkante
This lubber dare aduenture to fighte with an ant
Therſites.
Well ſeinge my ſeruauntes come to me will not
I muſt take hede that this monſter me ſpyll not
I wyll iopарde with it a ioynte
And other with my clubbe or my ſwoordes poynte
I wyll reche it ſuche woundes
As I woulde not haue for .xl. M. pounes
Plucke in thy hornes thou vnhappy beaſt
what faceſt thou me? wilte not thou be in reſte
Why? wylte not thou thy hornes in holde
Thinkeſt thou that I am a cocklode
Goddes armes the monſter cometh towarde me ſtyll
Excepte I fyght manfully, it wyll me ſurely kyll
Then he muſt fyghte againſt the ſnayle with his club
Miles.
O Jupiter Lorde doeſt thou not ſee and heare
How he feareth the ſnayle as it were a bere
Therſites.
Well with my clubbe I haue had good lucke
Nowe with my ſworde haue at the a plucke
And he muſt caſt his club awaye.
I wyll make the or I go, for to ducke
And thou were as tale a man as Hector Hucke
I ſaye yet agayne thy hornes in drawe
Or elles I wyll make the to haue woundes rawe
Arte not thou a ferde
To haue thy beарde

Pared with my ſwearde

Here he muſt fighte then with his ſwoꝛde againſt the ſnayle, and the ſnayle dꝛaweth her hoꝛnes in.

Ah well nowe no moꝛe
Thou mighteſt haue done ſo beſoꝛe
I layed at it ſo loꝛe
That it thoughte it ſhoulde haue beloꝛe
And it had not dꝛawen in his hoꝛnes againe
Surelye I woulde the monſter haue ſlaine
But nowe farewell, I wyll woꝛke the no moꝛe payne
Nowe my fume is paſte
And dothe no longer laſte
That I did to the monſter caſt
Now in other countreis both farre and neare
Mo dedes of chyualrye I wyll go inquere

Miles.

Thou nedes not ſeke any further foꝛ redy I am here
I wyll debate anone I trowe thy bꝛaggynge chere

Therſites.

Nowe where is any mo that wyll me aſſayle
I wyll turne him and toſſe him bothe toppe and tayle
yf he be ſtronger then Sampſon was
who with his bare handes kylde lyons apas

Miles.

What nedeth this booſte? I am here at hande
That with the will fighte kepe the heade and ſtande
Surelye foꝛ al thy hye woꝛdes I wyll not feare
To aſſaye the a towthe tyll ſome bloude apeare
I wyll geue the ſomewhat foꝛ the gifte of a newe yeare

And he begynth to fight with him, but Therſites muſt ren awaye, and hyde hym behynde hys mothers backe ſayinge.

Therſi

Therſites.

O mother mother I praye the me hyde
Thyrowe ſome thinge ouer me and couer me euery ſyde

Mater.

O my ſonne what thynge eldyth thee

Therſites

Mother a thouſande horſemen do perſecute me

Mater.

Marye ſonne then it was time to flye
I blame the not then, thoughe afrayde thou be
A deadlye wounde thou mighteſt there ſone catche
One againſt ſo manye, is no indyfferente matche

Therſites.

No mother but if they had bene but ten to one
I woulde not haue auoyded but ſet them vppon
But ſeinge they be ſo many I ran awaye
Hyde me mother hyde me, I hartely the praye
For if they come hyther and here me fynde
To their horſes tayles they wyll me bynde
And after that faſhyon hall me and kyll me
And thoughe I were neuer ſo bolde and ſtoute
To fyghte againſte ſo manye, I ſhoulde ſtande in doubte

Miles.

Thou that doeſt ſeke giauntes to conquere
Come forth if thou dare, and in this place appere
Fy for ſhame doeſt thou ſo ſone take flighte
Come forth and ſhewe ſomewhat of thy myghte

Therſites.

Hyde me mother, hyde me, and neuer worde ſaye

Miles.

Thou olde trotte, ſeyſt thou any man come thys waye
well armed and weaponed and readye to fighte

Pater.

No forsothe Maister, there came none in my sight

Myles.

He dyd auoyde in tyme, for withoute doubtes
I woulde haue set on his backe some clowtes
If I may take him I wyll make all slowches
To beware by him, that they come not in my clowches
Then he goeth oute, and the mother saith

Pater.

Come forth my sonne, youre enemy is gone
Be not afrayed for hurte thou canst haue none
Then he loketh aboute if he be gone or not, at the last he sayth.

Thersites.

Cywys thou dydest wisely who so euer thou be
To tarrye no longer to fighte with me
For with my clubbe I woulde haue broken thy skull
yf thou were as bigge as Hercules bull
why thou cowardely knaue, no stronger then a ducke
Darest thou trye maystries with me a plucke
whiche fere nother giauntes nor Jupiters fire bolte
Nor Beelzebub the mayster deuyll as ragged as a colte
I woulde thou wouldest come hyther ones againe
I thincke thou haddest rather alyue to be slayne
Come againe and I sweare by my mothers wombe
I wyll pull the in peeces no more then my thombe
and thy braines abrode, I wyll so scatter
That all knaues shall feare, against me to clatter
Then cometh in Telemachus bringinge a letter from his father Vlisses, and Thersites saieth.
what, little Telemachus
what makest thou here amonge vs?

Tele-

Telemachus.

Syr my father Ulysses doth hym commende
To you most hartely, & here he hath you sende
Of hys mynde a letter
whiche shewe you better
Euery thynge shall
Then I can make rehersall
Here he must delyuer hym the letter

Therſites.

Lo frendes ye maye see
what great men wryte to mee
Here he must redde the letter.
As entyrely as harte can thyncke
Or scryuener can wryte with yncke
I sende you louynge gretynge
Therſytes myne owne swetynge
I am very sorye
when I call in memory
The great vnkyndnes
And also the blyndnes
That hath be in my brest
Agaynst you euer prest
I haue be prompt and dylygent
Euer to make you shent
To appale your good name
And To mynyshe your fame
In that I was to blame
But well al this is gone
And remedy there is none
But onely repentannce
Of all my olde greuaunce
with whiche I dyd you moleste

And

And gaue you ſorye reaſt
The cauſe was thereof truelye
Nothinge but verye enuye
wherefore nowe gentyll eſquier
Forgeue me I you deſyre
And helpe I you beſeche
Telemachus to a leche
That hym maye wyſelye charme
From the wormes that do hym harme
In that ye maye do me pleaſure
For he is my chyefe treaſure
I haue heard menne ſay
That come by the way
That better charmer is no other
then is youre owne deare mother
I praye you of her obtayne
To charme away his paine
Fare ye well, and come to my houſe
To drynke wyne and eate a peece of ſowle
And we wyll haue minſtrelſy
that ſhall pype hankyn boby
My wyfe penelope
Doth grete you well by me
wrytinge at my houſe on Candelmaſſe daye
Mydlomer moneth, the calenders of maye
By me Ulyſſes beynge verye gladde
That the victorye of late of the monſter ye hadde
Ah lyrraye quod he: how ſaye you frendes all
Ulyſſes is glad for my fauoure to call
well, thoughe we ofte haue ſwerued
And he ſmall loue deſerued
Yet I am well contente

Seinge

Seinge he dothe repente
To let olde matters go
And to take him no more so
As I haue do hyther to
For my mortall fo
Come go with me Telemachus, I wyll the bringe
Unto my mother to haue her cherminge
I doubte not, but by that tyme that she hathe done
Thou shalte be the better seuen yeares agone
Then Therſytes goeth to his mother ſayinge
Mother Chriſte thee ſaue and ſee
Ulyſſes hathe ſende his ſonne to thee
That thou ſhouldeſt hym charme
From the wormes that hym harme
Pater.
Sonne ye be wiſe kepe ye warme
Why ſhoulde I for Ulyſſes doo
That neuer was kynde vs to
He was readye in warre
Euer the, ſonne, to marre
Then had bene all my ioye
Exiled cleane awaye
Therſites.
Wel mother all that is paſt
Worth maye not alwaye laſte
And ſeinge we be mortall all
Let not our wroth be immortall
Pater
Charme that charme wyll, he ſhal not be charmed of me
Therſites.
Charme or by the maſſe with my club I will charme the
Pater.

Why ſonne arte thou ſo wicked to beate thy mother

Therſites.

Eye that I wyll, by goddes deare brother
Charme olde witche in the deuils name
Or I wyll ſende the to him, to be his dame

Mater.

Alas what a ſonne haue I
That thus dothe order me ſpitefullye
Curſed be the time that euer I hym fedde
I woulde in my bely he had be deade

Therſites.

Curſeſt thou olde hore, bleſſe me againe
Or I wyll bleſſe the, that ſhall be to thy payne

Then he muſt take hyr by the armes, and ſhe crieth oute as followeth.

Mater.

He will kyll me
He wyll ſpyll me
He wyll broſe me
He wyll loſe me
He wyll pricke me
He wyll kycke me

Therſites.

The deuyll kycke the olde wytherde witch
For I wyll kicke nother the, nor none ſuche,
But come of geue me thy bleſſinge againe
I ſaye let me haue it, or elles certayne
With my clubbe I wyll laye the on the brayne

Mater.

Well ſeinge thou threateneſt to me affliction
Spite of my harte haue nowe my benediction
Nowe chriſtes ſwete bleſſinge and mine
Lighte aboue and beneath the bodye of thyne

And

And I beleche with all my deuotion
That thou mayste come to Amans promotion
He that forgeue Mary Mawdalene hyr synne
Make the hyghest of all thy kynne

Therſites.

In this wordes is double intellimente
Wouldest thou haue me hanged mother veramente

Mater.

No ſonne no, but too haue you hye
In promocion, is my mynde verelye

Therſites.

Well then mother let all this goo
and charme this chylde that you is ſende to
and loke hereafter to curſe ye be not gredye
Curſe me no more, I am curſed ynoughe all readye

Mater.

Well ſonne I wyll curſe you no more
Excepte ye prouoke me to to ſore
But I meruaile whye ye do me moue
To do for Aliſſes that dothe not vs loue

Therſites.

Mother by hys ſonne he hathe ſende me a letter
Promyſynge heareafter to be to vs better
And you and I with my greate clubbe
Muſte walke to him and eate a ſolybubbe
and we ſhall make merye
and ſynge tyrle on the berye
With Stinkyn ſydnam ſomner
that kylde a catte at comner
There the tryflinge tabborer trowbler of tunys
Wyll pyke Peter pybaker a penyworth of prunes
Nycholl neuergood a nette and a nightcappe

Knytte wyll for lyt whole knee cawghte a knappe
Dauid dowghtye dyghter of datys
Gren with godfrey goodale wyll gretely at the gates
Thom tombler of tewxbury turninge at a tryce
wyll wype wylliam waterman if he be not wyse
Symon sadler of sudeley that serued the sowe
Hytte wyll Henrye hartlesse he harde not yet how
Jynkyn Jaron that tobbed foiye Jone
Grynde wyll gromellede vntyll he grone
Browde peris pykethancke, that pyked pernels purse
Cut wyll the cakes thoughe Cate do crye and curse
Roughe Robyn rouer ruffynge in ryghte rate
balde Bernarde braynles wyll bete and Benet bate
Folysshe frederycke furburer of a farte
Dynge daniell deintye to deathe wyll with a darte
Mercolfe mouyles mozenynge foz mad Marye
Tyncke wyll the tables thoughe he there not tary
Andrewe all knaue alderman of Andwarpe
Hoppe wyll with holy hokes a harken humfreys harpe
It is to to mother the pastyme and good chere
That we shall see and haue, when that we come there
Wherefore gentyll mother I the hartely praye
That thou wylte charme foz wormes this prety boye

Mater.

Well sonne, seinge the case and mater standeth so
I am contente all thy requeste to do
Come hyther prety childe
I will the charme frome the wormes wylde
but firste do thou me thy name tell

Telemachus.

I am called Telemachus there as I dwell.

Mater.

Tele:

¶ Telemachus lye downe bpright on the grounde
And ſpyre not ones foz a thouſande pounde

Telemachus.

¶ I am readye here pzeſte
To doo all youre requeſte

Then he muſt lay hym down with his belp bpward and ſhee muſte bleſſe hym frome aboue too beneath ſayinge a foloweth.

Water.

¶ The cowherd of Comertowne with his croked ſpade
Cauſe frome the, the wozmes ſoone to bade
And ſolye Jacke iumbler that tugglieth with a bozne
Graunte that thy wozmes ſoone be all to tozne
Good graundſyze Abzaham godmother to Ene
Graunte that this wozmes no longer this chylde grene
All the courte of conſcience in cockoldſ pres
Tynckers and tabberers typpiers tauerners
Tyttyfylles, fryfullers, turners and trumpers
Tempters, traytoures, trauaylers and thumpers
Thyfkieſſe, theuyſhe, thycke and thereto thynne
the maladye of this wozmes cauſe foz too blynne
The bertue of the tayle of Iſaackes cow
That befoze Adam in paradyſe dyd lowe
Alſo the ſoyſte of Moſes rod
In the mounte of caluarye that ſpake with God
Facie ad faciem, turninge tayle to tayle
Cauſe all theſe wozmes quickly to fayle
The bottome of the ſhyppe of Noe
And alſo the legge of ỹ hozſe of Troe
The peece of the tounge of Balaams aſſe
the chawbone of the Dxe that at Chriſtes byzth was
the eye tothe of the dogge that wente on pylgremage

with yonge Thobye, these wormes sone may swage
the butterflye of Bromempcham ꝑ was borne blinde
The blaste of the bottell that blowed Aelous wynde
The buttocke of the bytter boughte at Buckyngame
the bodye of the bere that wyth Beuis came
the backster of Balockburye with her bakinge pele
Chylde fro thy wormes I praye, maye sone the hele
The tapper of taupestocke and the tapsters potte
The tothe of the tytmus, the torde of the gote
In the towre of tenysballes tossyd by the fyer
the table of Tantalus turned trym in myre
ꝑ tombe of Tom thredbare ꝑ thrusle tyb through ꝑ smock
Make al thy wormes chylde, to come forth at thy docke
Sem Cam and Japhat and coll the myllars mare
the fyue stones of Dauyd: that made goliath stare
the wing with whiche seit Mychaell dyd fly to his mout
the counters wherwith cherubyn, did cherisiones count
The hawke with whithe Assuerus kylde the wylde bore
Helpe that these wormes my chylde, hurt the no more
the mawe of the morecocke that made mawd to mowe
when martylmas at moreton morened for the snowe
the spere of spanysshe spylbery spente w̄ spiteful spottes
the lyghtes of the lauerocke layde at London lottes
the shynbon of saint Samuell shyninge so as the sunne
Graunt child of the wormes that sone thy paines be don
Mother byrce of oxforde and greate Gyb of hynxey
Also mawde of thrutton and mable of charteley
And all other wytches that walke in dymminges dale
Clytteringe and clatteringe there poure pottes with ale
Inclyne poure eares, and heare this my petition
and graunte this childe, of healthe to haue fruition
the blessinge that Jorden to his God sonne gaue

Lighte

Lyght on my chylde and from the wormes him ſaue
Now ſtand vppe lyttle Telemachus anone
I warrante the by to morow, thy wormes wyll be gone
Telemachus.
¶ I thanke you mother in my moſt hartelye wiſe
wyll ye ſyr to my father commaunde me anye ſeruice
Therſites.
¶ No pretye boye, but do thou vs two commende
to thy father and mother, tell them that we entende
Bothe my mother and I
to ſee them shortelye
Telemachus
¶ We ſhall be hartelye welcome to them I dare well ſay
Fare ye well, by youre leaue, now I wyll departe awaye
Therſites.
¶ Sonne, geue me thy hande, fare well
Mater.
¶ I praye god kepe the from parell
Telemachus goeth oute, and the mother ſayeth.
Ywys it is a proper chylde
and in behauioure nothinge wylde
Ye maye ſee what is good education
I woulde euery man after this faſhion
Had their chyldren vp brought
then manye of them woulde not haue bene ſo nought
A chylde is better vnborne then vntaught
Therſites.
¶ Ye ſaye truthe mother, well let all this go
and make you readye Ulilles to go to
with me anone, be ye ſo contente
Mater.
¶ I am well pleaſed to youre wyll I aſſente

For all thoughe that I lone hym but verye euyll
It is good to set a candell before the deuyll
Of moste parte of greate men I sweare by thys fyer
Lyghte is the thancke but heauye is the ire
Fare well sonne, I wyll go me to prepare
Therſites.
Mother God be wyth you and keepe you frome care
The mother goeth out, and Therſites sayeth forth
What someuer I saye syrs, I thyncke yll might she care
I care not if the olde wytche were deade
It were an almoys dede to knocke hyr in the heade
And saye on the wormes that she dyd dye
For there be manye that my landes woulde bye
By goddes bleſſed brother
Yf I were not seke of the mother
thys notheles trotte kepethe me harde
And ſuffereth no money in my warde
But by the bleſſed trinitye
Yf she will no soner ded be
I wyll with a coyſhion stoppe hyr breath
tyll she haue forgotte newe marketh beth
Yll myghte I fare
Yf that I care
Hyr to spare
Aboute the houſe she hoppeth
and hyr noſe ofte droppeth
When the wortes she choppeth
When that she dothe brewe
I maye saye to you
I am redy to spew
the droppes to see downe renne
By all Chrysten menne

Freme

Frome hyr nose to hyr knen
Fye Goddes bodye, it maketh me to spitte
to remember howe that she doth sytte
By the fyer brallynge
Scratchynge and scrallynge
and in euerye place
Leyenge oysters apale
She dothe but lacke sheiles
the deuyll haue they whytte, elles
At nyghte when to bedde she goys
and pluicketh of her hose
She knappeth me in the nose
with ryppe, rappe
Flypppe, flappe
that an yll happe
Come to that tappe
that benteth so
Where so euer she go
So muche she daylye dryncketh
That hyr breath at both endes styncketh
That a horsecombe and an halter
Hyr soone bppe talter
tyll I saye Dauydes psalter
That shall be at neuermas
Whyche neuer shall be, nor neuer was
By this tenne bones
She serued me ones.
A touche for the nones
I was sicke and laye in my bedde
She broughte me a kerchyfe to wrappe on my heade
And I praye God that I be deade
If that I lye any whytte

when ſhe was aboute the kercheke to knytte
Breake did one of the formes fete
that ſhe dyd ſtande on
And downe fell ſhe anone
And fourth withall
As ſhe dyd fall
She gyrded oute a farte
That me made to ſtarte
I thyncke hyr buttockes dyd ſmarte
Excepte it hadde be a mare in a carte
I haue not harde ſuche a blaſt
I cryed and byd hyr holde faſt
with that ſhe nothinge agaſt
ſaid to me y no woman in this lande
Coulde holde faſte that whyche was not in hyr hande
Nawe ſyrs, in that hole pitche and fyre brande
Of that bagge ſo fuſtye
So ſtale and ſo muſtye
So cankered and ſo ruſtye
So ſtinckynge and ſo duſtye
God ſende hyr as muche ioye
as my noſe hathe alwaye
Of hyr vnſauerye ſpice
Yf that I be not wyſe
and ſtoppe my noſe quickelye
When ſhe letteth goo merelye
But let all this go, I had almoſte forget
The knaue that here yerewhyles dyd iet
Before that Telemachus did come in
I wyll go ſeeche hym, I wyll not blynne
Untyll that I haue hym
Then ſo god ſaue hym

I wyll ſo beknaue hym
That I wyll make to raue hym
Wyth this ſwearde I wyll ſhaue hym
And ſtrypes when I haue gaue hym
Better I wyll deꝑaue him
That you ſhall knowe foꝛ a ſlaue him
Then Wiles cometh in ſayinge
Wiles.
Cwylte thou ſo in deede.
Hye the make good ſpede
I am at hande here ꝑeſt
Put awaye tongue ſhakynge
and this folyſhe crakynge
Let vs tꝛye foꝛ the beſt
Cowardes make ſpeake apaſe
Strypes ꝑꝛouethe manne
Haue nowe at thy face
Keepe of if thou canne
And then he muſte ſtryke at hym, and Therſytes muſte runne awaye and leaue his clubbe & ſwoꝛde behynde.
Whye thou lubber runneſt thou awaye
and leaueſt thy ſwearde and thy clubbe thee behynde
Nowe thys is a ſure carde, nowe I maye well ſaye
That a cowarde crakinge here I dyd fynde
Mayſters ye maye ſee by this playe in ſighte
That great barking dogges, do not moſt byte
And oft it is ſene that the beſt men in the hooſt
Be not ſuche, that bſe to bꝛagge moſte
If ye wyll auoyde the daunger of confuſion
Ꝑynte my woꝛdes in harte and marke this concluſion
Suche gyftes of god that ye excelle in moſte

Use them wyth ſoberneſſe and youre ſelfe neuer boſt
Seke the laude of God in all that ye doo
So ſhall vertue and honoure come you too
But if you geue youre myndes to the ſinne of pryde
Vaniſſhe ſhall your vertue, your honoure away will ſlide
For pryde is hated of God aboue
And meekeneſſe ſoneſt obtaineth his loue
to youre rulers and parentes, be you obediente
Neuer tranſgreſſinge their lawefull commaundemente
Be ye merye and toyfull at bordes and at bedde
Imagin no traitourye againſte youre prince and heade
Loue God and feare him and after him youre kinge
Whiche is as victorious as anye is lyuinge
Praye for his grace, with hartes that dothe not fayne
that longe he maye rule vs without greke or paine
beſeche ye alſo that God maye ſaue his quene
Louely Ladie Jane, & the prince that he hath ſend them
to augment their ioy and the comons felicitie (betwen
Fare ye wel ſwete audiẽce, god graunt you al proſperite
Amen.

¶ Imprinted at London,
by John Tyſdale and are to be ſolde
at hys ſhop in the vpper ende of
Lombard ſtrete, in Alhallowes
churche yarde neare
vntoo grace
church.

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